Rocky Mountain Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENT 58

Automotive Passacaglia ..... *Henry Miller* 59
Haggard Morning, Grooved and Gravey (Poem) *Lee ver Duft* 67
Taking A Man Away (Poem) ..... *Byron Vazakas* 68
No Rubbish, No Albatrosses ..... *Gilbert Neiman* 69
Can Spring Before Behind (Poem) ..... *W. Y. Tindall* 77
The Invitation to a Waltz (Poem) ..... *Nicholas Moore* 78
Subway System (short story) ..... *Katharine Shattuck* 79
Third Elegy (Poem) ..... *Gil Orlovitz* 87
Three Poems ..... *Dean Jeffress* 88
Goliath (Poem) ..... *W. Y. Tindall* 89

CITIES OF THE ROCKIES:
2: Denver ..... *Levette J. Davidson* 90
Harrelle-Mit-The-Pants ..... *Charles Angoff* 98

BOOKS:
Exploration of Consciousness ..... *Ray B. West Jr.* 103
Bentley's Heroic Vitalism ..... *Jarvis Thurston* 105
Poetry of Melville ..... *Sherman Conrad* 108

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Comment

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Gentlemen:

It isn't often that editors, or at least I, take time during office hours to read for pleasure, but I have just read Dale Morgan's article on Salt Lake and I send post haste commendations to you and to him.

I lived for a few years in Salt Lake during the late Twenties, so I was in a receptive mood; but if I had never seen Salt Lake or its environs, I would still think it a most interesting article and well done. I agree especially with Mr. Morgan's feelings that Salt Lake is not a 'western' city. Since mining has been so stimulated I imagine it has changed a great deal, but I wonder if it will ever lose its conscientious streak.

I am sending the **Review** to my Naval brother with whom I have discussed Salt Lake long and often since he visited me there.

Cordially,
Elizabeth M. Stover
Southwest Review
Dallas, Texas

Gentlemen:

Yes—candidly I have enjoyed the **Review**—I should say **your** REVIEW. It contains an astonishingly keen critical sense—in its reviews of critical books. It contains some poems that have the genuine URGE of genuine poetry in them. Above all—you are NOT afraid of innovation, of the unconventional. This means promise, means growth.

Cordially,
B. Roland Lewis
English Department
University of Utah

Gentlemen:

In a piece of writing entitled SONNET by Gil Orlovitz in your Summer issue the reader certainly finds an ultimate disregard for Beauty which I believe would sicken the soul of any lover of real poetry and beauty or any believer in a Divine spirit.

We all have our own religious beliefs; but I think only a person with no sense of the higher values of life and with an absolute disregard for

Continued on Page 110

Automotive Passacaglia

By HENRY MILLER

I feel like doing a little passacaglia now about things automotive. Ever since I decided to sell the car she's been running beautifully. The damned thing behaves like a flirtatious woman.

Back in Albuquerque, where I met that automotive expert Hugh Dutter, everything was going wrong with her. Sometimes I think it was all the fault of the tail wind that swept me along through Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle. I mentioned the episode with the drunk who tried to run me into a ditch. He almost had me convinced that I had lost my generator. I was a bit ashamed, of course, to ask people if my generator were gone, as he said, but every time I had a chance to open up a conversation with a garage man I would work him round to the subject of generators, hoping first of all that he would show me where the damned thing was hidden, and second that he would tell me whether or not a car could function without one. I had just a vague idea that the generator had something to do with the battery. Perhaps it hasn't, but that's my notion of it still.

The thing I enjoy about visiting garage men is that one contradicts the other. It's very much as in medicine or the field of criticism in literature. Just when you believe you have the answer you find that you're mistaken. A little man will tinker with your machinery for an hour and blushingly ask you for a dime, and whether he's done the correct thing or not the car runs, whereas the big service stations will lay her up in dry dock for a few days, break her down into molecules and atoms, and then like as not she'll run a few miles and collapse.

There's one thing I'd like to advise any one thinking of making a trans-continental journey: see that you have a jack, a monkey wrench and a jimmy. You'll probably find that the wrench won't fit the nuts but that doesn't matter; while you're pretending to fiddle around with it some one will stop and lend you a helping hand. I had to get stuck in the middle of a swamp in Louisiana before I realized that I had no tools. It took me a half hour to realize that if there were any they would be hidden under the front seat. And if a man promises you that he will stop at the next town and send some one to haul you don't believe him. Ask the next man and the next man and the next man. Keep a steady relay going or you'll sit by the roadside till doomsday. And never say that you have no tools—it

sounds suspicious, as though you had stolen the car. Say you lost them, or that they were stolen from you in Chicago. Another thing—if you've just had your front wheels packed don't take it for granted that the wheels are on tight. Stop at the next station and ask to have the lugs tightened, then you'll be sure your front wheel won't roll off in the middle of the night. Take it for granted that nobody, not even a genius, can guarantee that your car won't fall apart five minutes after he's examined it. A car is even more delicate than a Swiss watch. And a lot more diabolical, if you know what I mean.

If you don't know much about cars it's only natural to want to take it to a big service station when something goes wrong. A great mistake, of course, but it's better to learn by experience than by hearsay. How are you to know that the little man who looks like a putterer may be a wizard?

Anyway, you go to the service station. And immediately you come smack up against a man dressed in a butcher's smock, a man with a pad in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, looking very professional and alert, a man who never fully assures you that the car will be perfect when they get through with it but who intimates that the service will be impeccable, of the very highest calibre, and that sort of thing. They all have something of the surgeon about them, these entrepreneurs of the automobile industry. You see, they seem to imply, you've come to us only at the last ditch; we cant perform miracles, but we've had twenty or thirty years' experience and can furnish the best of references. And, just as with the surgeon, you have the feeling when you entrust the car to his immaculate hands, that he is going to telephone you in the middle of the night, after the engine has been taken apart and the bearings are lying all about, and tell you that there's something even more drastically wrong with the car than he had at first suspected. Something serious, what! It starts with a case of bad lungs and ends up with a removal of the appendix, gall bladder, liver and testicles. The bill is always indisputably correct and of a figure no less than formidable. Everything is itemized, except the quality of the foreman's brains. Instinctively you put it safely away in order to produce it at the next hospital when the car breaks down again; you want to be able to prove that you knew what was wrong with the car all along.

After you've had a few experiences of this sort you get wary, that is if you're slow to catch on, as I am. After you stay in a town a while and get acquainted, feel that you are among friends, you throw out a feeler; you learn that just around the corner from the big service station there's a little fellow (his place is always in the rear of some other place and therefore hard to find) who's a wizard at fixing things and asks some ridiculously low sum for his services. They'll tell you that he treats *everybody* that way, even those with "foreign" license plates.

Well, that's exactly what happened to me in Albuquerque, thanks to the friendship I struck up with Dr. Peters who is a great surgeon and a *bon vivant* as well. One day, not having anything better to do—one of those days when you call up telephone numbers or else go to have your

teeth cleaned—one day, as I say, in the midst of a downpour I decided to consult the master mind, the painless Parker of the automotive world: Hugh Dutter. There was nothing very seriously wrong— just a constant high fever. The men at the service station didn't attach much importance to it—they attributed it to the altitude, the age of the car and so on. I suppose there was nothing more that they could repair or replace. But when on a cold, rainy day a car runs a temperature of 170 to 180 there must be something wrong, so I reasoned. If she was running that high at 5,000 feet what would she run at 7,000 or 10,000?

I stood in the doorway of the repair shop for almost an hour waiting for Dutter to return. He had gone to have a bite with some friends, never dreaming that there would be any customers waiting for him in such a downpour. His assistant, who was from Kansas, regaled me with stories about fording flooded streams back in Kansas. He spoke as though people had nothing better to do when it rained than practise these dangerous manoeuvres with their tin Lizzies. Once he said a bus got caught in the head waters of a creek, keeled over, was washed downstream and never found again. He liked rain—it made him homesick.

Presently Dutter arrived. I had to wait until he went to a shelf and arranged some accessories. After I had sheepishly explained my troubles he leisurely scratched his head and without even looking in the direction of the engine he said: "Well, there could be a lot of reasons for her heating up on you that way. Have you had your radiator boiled out?"

I told him I had— back in Johnson City, Tennessee.

"How long ago was that?" he said.

"Just a few months back."

"I see. I thought you were going to say a few years ago."

The car was still standing outside in the rain. "Don't you want to look her over?" I said, fearing that he might lose interest in the case.

"You might bring her in," he said. "No harm in taking a look. Nine times out of ten it's the radiator. Maybe they didn't do a good job for you back in Cleveland."

"Johnson City!" I corrected.

"Well, wherever it was." He ordered his assistant to drive her in.

I could see he wasn't very enthusiastic about the job: it wasn't as though I had brought him a bursting gall bladded or a pair of elephantine legs. I though to myself—better leave him alone with it for a while; maybe when he begins to putter around he'll work up a little interest. So I excused myself and went off to get a bite.

"I'll be back soon," I said.

"That's all right, don't hurry," he answered. "It may take hours to find out what's wrong with her."

I had a Chop Suey and on the way back I loitered a bit in order to give him time to arrive at a correct diagnosis. To kill a little time I stopped in at the Chamber of Commerce and inquired about the condition of the roads going to Mesa Verde. I learned that in New Mexico you can tell

nothing about the condition of the roads by consulting the map. For one thing the road map doesnt say how much you may be obliged to pay if you get stuck in deep clay and have to be hauled fifty or seventy-five miles. And between gravel and graded roads there's a world of difference. At the Automobile Club in New York I remember the fellow taking a greasy red pencil and tracing a route for me backwards while answering two telephones and cashing a check.

"Mesa Verde won't be officially open until about the middle of May," said the fellow. "I wouldn't risk it yet. If we get a warm rain there's no telling what will happen."

I decided to go to Arizona, unless I had an attack of chillblains. I was a little disappointed though to miss seeing Shiprock and Aztec.

When I got back to the garage I found Dutter bending over the engine; he had his ear to the motor, like a doctor examining a weak lung. From the vital parts there dangled an electric bulb attached to a long wire. The electric bulb always reassures me. It means business. Anyway, he was down in the guts of the thing and getting somewhere— so it looked.

"Found out what's wrong yet?" I ventured to inquire timidly.

"No," he said, burying his wrist in a mess of intricate whirring things-amajigs which looked like the authentic automotive part of the automobile. It was the first time I had even seen what makes a car go. It was rather beautiful, in a mechanical way. Reminded me of a steam calliope playing Chopin in a tub of grease.

"She wasn't timing right," said Dutter, twisting his neck around to look at me but, like the skillful surgeon, still operating with his deft right hand. "I knew that much before I even looked at her. That'll heat a car up quicker'n anything." And he began explaining to me from deep down in the bowels of the car how the timing worked. As I remember it now an eight cylinder car fires 2,3,5,7 with one cam and 3,4,6,8 with the other. I may be wrong on the figures but the word cam is what interested me. It's a beautiful word and when he tried to point it out to me I liked it still better— the cam. It has a down-to-earth quality about it, like piston and gear. Even an ignoramus like myself knows that piston, just from the sound of the word, means something that has to do with the driving force, that it's intimately connected with the locomotion of the vehicle. I still have to see a piston per se, but I believe in pistons even though I should never have the chance to see one cold and isolate.

The timing occupied him for quite a while. He explained what a difference a quarter of a degree could make. He was working on the carburetor, if I am not mistaken. I accepted this explanation, as I had the others, unquestioningly. Meanwhile I was getting acquainted with the flywheel and some other more or less essential organs of the mysterious mechanism. Most everything about a car, I should say in passing, is more or less essential. All but the nuts underneath the chassis; they can get loose and fall out, like old teeth, without serious damage. I'm not speaking now of the universal— that's another matter. But all those rusty nuts which you

see dropping off when the car's packed up on the hoist– actually they mean very little. At worst the running board may drop off, but once you know your running board is off here's no great harm done.

Apropos of something or other he suddenly asked me at what temperature the thermostat was set. I couldn't tell him. I had heard a lot about thermostats, and I knew there was one in the car somewhere, but just where, and just what it looked like, I didn't know. I evaded all references to the subject as skillfully as I could. Again I was ashamed not to know where and what this piece of apparatus was. Starting out from New York, after receiving a brief explanation about the functioning or non-functioning of the thermostat, I had expected the shutters of the hood to fly open automatically when the heat gauge read 180 or 190. To me thermostat meant something like a cuckoo in a cuckoo clock. My eye was constantly on the gauge, waiting for it to hit 180. Rattner, my then side-kick, used to get a bit irritated watching me watch the gauge. Several times we went off the road because of this obsession on my part. But I always expected that some time or other an invisible man would release the trap and the cuckoo would fly out and then bango! the shutters would open up, the air circulate between the legs, and the motor begin to purr like a musical cat. Of course the damned shutters never did fly open. And when the gauge did finally hit 190 the next thing I knew was that the radiator was boiling over and the nearest town was forty miles away.

Well, after the timing had been corrected, the points adjusted, the carburetor calibrated, the accelerator exhilarated, all the nuts, bolts and screws carefully restored to their proper positions, Dutter invited me to accompany him on a test flight. He decided to drive her up through Tijeras Canyon where there was a big grade. He set out at fifty miles an hour, which worried me a bit because the mechanic at the big service station had said to drive her slow for the next thousand miles until she loosened up a bit. The gauge moved slowly up to 180 and, once we were properly in the pass, it swung to 190 and kept on rising.

"I don't think she'll boil," he said, lighting himself a cigarette with a parlor match. "Up here the principle is never to worry until she boils over. Cars act temperamental up here, just like people. It could be weather, it could be scales in the engine box. . . it could be a lot of things. And it mightn't be anything more than altitude. The Buicks never did make big enough radiators for the size of the car." I found this sort of talk rather cheering. More like a good French doctor. The American physician always says immediately– "better have an X-ray taken; better pull out all your back teeth; better get an artificial leg." He's got you all cut up and bleeding befor he's even looked at your throat. If you've got a simple case of worms he finds that you've been suffering from hereditary constriction of the corneal phylactery since childhood. You get drunk and decide to keep the worms or whatever ails you.

Dutter went on to talk in his calm, matter of fact way about new and old Buicks, about too much compression and too little space, about buying

whole parts instead of a part of a part, as with Chevrolet or the Dodge. Not that the Buick wasn't a good car—oh no, it was a damned good car, but like every car it had its weak points too. He talked about boiling over several times on his way from Espanola to Santa Fe. I had boiled over there myself, so I listened sympathetically. I remember getting near the top of the hill and then turning round to coast down in order to get a fresh start. And then suddenly it was dark and there were no clear crystal springs anywhere in sight. And then the lizards began whispering to one another and you could hear them whispering for miles around, so still it was and so utterly desolate.

Coming back Dutter got talking about parts and parts of parts, rather intricate for me, especially when he began comparing Pontiac parts with parts of parts belonging to the Plymouth or the Dodge. The Dodge was a fine car, he thought, but speaking for himself he preferred the old Studebaker. "Why don't you get yourself a nice old Studebaker?" I asked. He looked at me peculiarly. I gathered that the Studebaker must have been taken off the market years ago. And then, almost immediately afterwards, I began talking about Lancias and Pierce Arrows. I wasn't sure whether they made them any more either, but I knew they had always enjoyed a good reputation. I wanted to show him that I was willing to talk cars, if that was the game. He glossed over these remarks however in order to launch into technical explanation of how cores were cast and molded, how you tested them with an ice pick to see if they were too thick or too thin. This over he went into an excursus about the transmission and the differential, a subject so abstruse that I hadn't the faintest notion what he was getting at. The gauge, I observed, was climbing down towards 170. I thought to myself how pleasant it would be to hire a man like Dutter to accompany me the rest of the way. Even if the car broke down utterly it would be instructive and entertaining to hear him talk about the parts. I could understand how people became attached to their cars, knowing all the parts intimately, as they undoubtedly do.

When we got back to the laboratory he went inside for a thermometer. Then he took the cap off the radiator and stuck the thermometer in the boiling radiator. At intervals he made a reading—comparative readings, much as a theologian might do with the Bible. There was a seventeen degree difference, it developed, between the reading of the gauge and the thermometer reading. The difference was in my favor, he said. I didn't understand precisely what he meant by this remark, but I made a mental note of it. The car looked pathetically human with the thermometer sticking out of its throat. It looked like it had quinsy or the mumps.

I heard him mumbling to himself about scales and what a delicate operation that was. The word hydrochloric acid popped up. "Never do that till the very last," he said solemnly.

"Do what?" I asked, but he didn't hear me, I guess.

"Can't tell what will happen to her when the acid hits her," he mumbled between his teeth.

"Now I tell you," he went on, when he had satisfied himself that there was nothing seriously wrong, "I'm going to block that thermostat open a little more with a piece of wood— and put in a new fan belt. We'll give her an eight pound pull to begin with and after she's gone about four hundred miles you can test her yourself and see if she's slipping." He scratched his head and ruminated a bit. "If I were you," he continued, "I'd go back to that service station and ask them to loosen the tappets a little. It says .0010 thousandth on the engine but up here you can ride her at .0008 thousandth— until you hear that funny little noise, that clickety-click-click, you know—like little bracelets. I tried to catch that noise before when she was cold but I couldn't get it. I always like to listen for that little noise— then I know she's not too tight. You see, you've got a hot blue flame in there and when your valves are screwed down too tight that flame just burns them up in no time. That can heat a car up too! Just remember— *the tappets!*"

We had a friendly little chat about the slaughter going on in Europe, to wind up the transaction, and then I shook hands with him. "I don't think you'll have any more trouble," he said. "But just to make sure why you come back here after they loosen the tappets and I'll see how she sounds. Got a nice little car there. She ought to last you another twenty thousand miles— *at least.*"

I went back to the big service station and had the tappets attended to. They were most gracious about it, I must say. No charge for their services this time. Rather strange, I thought. Just as I was pulling out the floor-walker in the butcher's smock informed me with diabolical suavity that, no matter what any one may have told me, the pretty little noise I was looking for had nothing to do with the tightness or looseness of the valves. It was something else which caused that. "We don't believe in loosening them too much," he said. "But you wanted it that way, so we obliged you."

I couldn't pretend to contradict him, not having the knowledge of Hugh Dutter to fortify my argument, so I decided to have the car washed and greased and find out in a roundabout way what the devil he meant.

When I came back for the car the manager came over and politely informed me that there was one other very important thing I ought to have done before leaving. "What's that?" I said.

"Grease the clutch."

How much would that be, I wanted to know. He said it was a thirty minute job— not over a dollar.

"O.K." I said. "Grease the clutch. Grease everything you can lay hands on."

I took a thirty minute stroll around the block, stopping at a tavern, and when I got back the boy informed me that the clutch didn't need greasing.

"What the hell is this?" I said. "What did he tell me to have it greased for?"

"He tells everybody that," said the boy, grinning.

As I was backing out he asked me slyly if she het up much on me.

"A little," I said.

"Well, don't pay any attention to it," he said. "Just wait till she boils. It's a mighty smooth running car, that Buick. Prettiest little ole car I ever did see. See us again sometime."

Well, there it is. If you've ever served in the coast artillery you know what it's like to take the azimuth. First you take a course in higher trigonometry, including differential calculus and all the logarithms. When you put the shell in the breach be sure to remove all your fingers before locking the breach. A car is the same way. It's like a horse, in short. What brings on the heat is fuss and bother. Feed him properly, water him well, coax him along when he's weary and he'll die for you. The automobile was invtented in order for us to learn how to be patient and gentle with one another. It doesn't matter about the parts, or even about the parts of parts, nor what model or what year it is, so long as you treat her right. What a car appreciates is responsiveness. A loose differential may or may not cause friction and no car, not even a Rolls Royce, will run without a universal, but everything else being equal it's not the pressure or lack of pressure in the exhaust pipe which matters—it's the way you handle her, the pleasant little word now and then, the spirit of forbearance and forgiveness. Do unto others as you would have them do by you is the basic principle of automotive engineering. Henry Ford understood these things from the very beginning. That's why he paid universal wages. He was calibrating the exchequer in order to make the steep grades. There's just one thing to remember about driving any automotive apparatus and that is this: when the car begins to act as though it had the blind staggers it's time to get out and put a bullet through its head. We American people have always been kind to animals and other creatures of the earth. It's in our blood. Be kind to your Buick or your Studebaker. God gave s these blessings in order to enrich the automobile manufacturers. He did not mean for us to lose our tempers easily. If that's clear we can go on to Gallup and trade her in for a spavined mule. . . . .

HAGGARD MORNING, GROOVED AND GRAVEY

Come spry maggots, dance! I hear your whispering!
night's alcohol has tightened the tympani of my ears,
and inflicted monstrous morning microphones of japering;
a machine of desolation hums down the streets of years
thru vacuities in the suburbs, moans country hymns of worldliness:
it is my fate to suffer this on the grey silent screen of loneliness.

sans music?

Beyond the traffic turmoil of each daytimed city
(swingsongs burbling love, etc. in the teeth of Time)
night waits; dinned out, cued in, by consanguinity
commerce and death beat loud their strident surrealities—
or real: but how many of these dead still live?

Here is a drink, a dish of mellow delicate jive.
I measure this division, touch the psychic membrane
with my little finger. This is a day for silver mind-fish
to swim behind cracked eye-lids, day to reintegrate:

I juxtapose myself against the unmindful populace,
the public pulse, compromise, reform inside myself.

Yet another night will open its shining eyes, dark thighs
of sound (the body's apertures have their own policy). . . .
beneath that loosed and liquid velvet cloak each heretic
by day daily, breath by breath, erects his Bridge of Sighs.

LEE VER DUFT

TAKING A MAN AWAY

The slightly curious convene
around the intangible barrier
where the stretcher-bearers soon must pass.
The stairs too narrow, the awkward orderly
shoves at the walls as if
this body's stone-like fall
could ripple back through time
to some maternal shore.

Watching the white detachment
of the sheet, we stand and stare,
and only notice, at the ambulance bell,
the landscape devoted to change.
Even the gutter's slime placates
the outraged sun on the hot cement,
where the young and the afraid invent
Floridas of permanence.

Ambiguous as oracles,
the difficult tall stairs
and brownstone balustrades admit
all advents of the probable.
But the facet of unreality
is shattered on the nickle-plated doors
swinging to receive
our own bodies' trapped conspirator.

Light recedes as the clanging
ambulance sways indifferently
on its right of way.
Auspicious as return,
the wishful brain concedes reprieve,
but the accurate heart
continues marking time.

Byron Vazakas

No Rubbish, No Albatrosses: Henry Miller

By GILBERT NEIMAN

After a day at the beach he looks like a broiled lobster. When you first meet him, he looks, as he jokingly says, like a dentist. Silver spectacles, a Germanic coolness of eye, full lips that make people whisper behind his back, "he's Jewish." With that they match the Brooklyn accent, and form whispering campaigns. Since he is not proud, haughty, heroic, or histrionic, when people meet them they immediately go through a brief wrestling match with themselves, in which they themselves come out the victor. He is the common denominator of man, on all levels. He is electric, in the sense that his presence produces an immediate response, usually a reflex one of judgment and opinion, in the ego of the person he shakes hands with. Few persons feel, at this first contact, that they are touching a very human, living X-ray that specializes in detecting what lurks behind the ego.

He is no Monsieur Teste, hunting for human equations a la Sherlock Holmes. He is no lie-detector. His is a faculty, as natural as breathing, which he does not turn on and off. This extreme perceptivity, almost sensual, of what is worst in people, is so natural to him that he is immediately interested in what could be best in them. That best he will seek to draw out, like a spider dropping from the ceiling, with a persistence beyond humility, as though the threads of all people in the world, good, bad, or indifferent, were spun from his heart.

Naturally, people are a bit shocked, at times wounded, by this supernatural procedure. It is not all too human. Yet there is also something supernatural in the loyalty, comradeship, and devotion of ants with onyx eyes, in the spaceless persistence of birds, in the patience of elephants. These qualities are hard to recognize in man.

II

Aons of suffering, in this or other lives, people like to wear on their sleeves, if they are women, and as badges on their lapels, if they are men. It is a way of climbing up the interminable ladder. Rimbaud took the plunge, and cracked his head on the clay cakes of Africa. This man took the plunge in the other direction; he went skywards, unhitching the wagon first – the wagon of the past that one creates with his own hands, drags uphill, and is crushed by.

Few men have undergone the seethe of the Western metaphysical,

puritanical, gastronomical, political, and un-spiritual chaos who lived to tell of it in anything but dying tones. Ah, the Eliots, the Valerys! A perfection of art: the world in the last grips of despair. But they lost touch with what they imagined they had refused to grasp, and had barely touched.

Here is a person who grasped, who kept the infant in himself alive, and refused to strangle it. Like holding a red hot iron, he was seared time and again, until he plunged with the iron straight into the pool of the sky. When he lost his suffering he lost his callouses, so now he can touch fire with hands as soft as a baby's. That is one way of losing suffering, yet only a handful of men throughout printed history have been able to do it.

III

With women, he has been lucky and unlucky. He distinctly is un-North American in this respect. He is not the great lecher, according to the Hoyle of Hemingway and Steinbeck, Gary Cooper or Burgess Meredith, outward manifestations of ideal intentions. He is a split hair closer to Jean Gabin, and here the comparison ends. He walks away, yes, but with a stumbling gait. He is as much a reformer of women as he is of men. *That* women dislike more than men do, though both consider themselves victims if they sniff in their own minds the word *reform*, which is definitely not a part of his vocabulary.

Yet all women are attracted to him, in spite of themselves. He speaks a language they can understand, in spite of themselves. He is a man without an ounce of vulgarity in him. Mae West can take the most innocent word and make it slimy, rolling it around on her tongue; he can not pronounce any word as though it were dirty. It is a physical impossibility. Lawrence, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, did the opposite of the principles he professed in his pamphlet on pornography: he made the words smirk, preen, pause, and prink. Here is a man who was living what Lawrence wrote, while Lawrence was writing it. But it was only a facet of what he underwent. Strangely, as literature goes, he was appreciated for that facet, because it was, and still is, the main star in an accepted Anglo-Saxon diadem of decency, dazzling the tired eyes of "the respectable public," as the Spanish say.

He gives revelations that go unheard, because this facet bores holes through men and women in what they consider to be their most sensitive parts.

IV

To the eye, on meeting him, he is Picasso's clown, aged. He can tell what you want, and if the whim touches him, he will perform with antics. If you want him to blow in your ear, he will blow in it. By the time he finishes his clowning, a few people have been hit—behind the head and below the belt. This anonymous dance is neither savagery nor culture. You can try to classify it, but you end up always with—*behind the head and* below the belt. It hits you. Knocks the culture out. Knocks the savagery

out. Is a bit out of the world, and no act. The natural dance of a world-and no act. The natural dance of a world-native. How many world-wide natives are there in the world? Countless ones who never have access to eye or ear, motion pictures, writing, or telegraphy. But here is one who can communicate.

Leonardo was the master of anatomy, the flying machine, Mona Lisa, the Last Supper, and Valery. This man is the master of no one. That is not the Western conception, so people spit with intention. He's just not interested in the values of value, so it's heresy. Lacking the critical instinct, how can he analyze? To be natural is to cover up your defects: this is the theme song of culture from England to Germany to Spain and France, including Belgium, Denmark, and back again to the Pilgrims. *El respectable publico.*

But you meet him . . . no high hand extended across the cliffs of Dover. He's saying, "Hello, how are you? Things are fine with me, I've been knocked around a bit, have had ups and downs, feel good and bad. That's the way it goes. It's that way with all of us You can't be happy or sad all the time. You can't take it or leave it.But tell me, what I would like to know is, how do *you* feel?"

No Leonardo, but a circus Nijinsky.

V

Things weigh heavy on his head. That is how the hair is worn off. His face is naked, open to the elements. Other people wear masks, wear faces twisted into the lines they hope to present to the world: the dishonesty, the scheming of man toward man, is nowhere more visible than in that unclothed part of the body in which they hope to conceal the most.

To see a naked, unconcealing face is a shock to human sensibilities. A face as open as a full-blown rose with an unhidden worm in it transcends all social conventions, and people recoil according to their need. Dali is an expert at putting worms into roses, but he saves his own face: it is that of a gigolo. Few men and few women dare not to wear a mask, except at rare moments when fear has been drained from their hearts, or petrifies them. This man declines the mask as a normal procedure, day by day rejects it, and has done this for so long that it has come to be natural to him. This is a practical achievement, a definite rung up the human ladder, which such men as John Barrymore and Emil Ludwig, men who have had the world, were not able to achieve.

He got rid of it a long, long time ago.

So the endurable impression for people is that he wears a mask. "He's hiding something from me," they think, with prodding curiosity. Then they put their own fears and hopes into him, and proceed to accuse him, and shovel him under the sod, for not having fulfilled them.

"Always merry and bright," is his motto.

VI

It is a cold May. Rain all the time. The foliage is green and wet; just rains; floods come down the canyon; cars are washed away; got to roll up your pants, carry your shoes, and walk a mile just to get to 1212 North

Beverly Glen. The taxi drivers want gold dust to turn a corner. Not even a gold brick could make them turn that corner, the short cut to San Fernando. A quarter of a mile up the canyon a fire truck is stalled. In 1939 houses were washed away.

Will the flood go over the roofs in the Glen? Plod through the rising water. Pass the fire-truck with the poor sap looking under the hood, as though he could dry a spark-plug by blowing on it. Past Nunnally Johnson's house, with water up to the door-step. He didn't build it high enough. Past James Ellison's house, high enough for two days more of rain, but he'll have to drag his scooter up to the house if he wants to keep the spark plugs dry.

At the end of the mile, the long trek up the canyon, past Henry Jordan's house blazing with lights. A Czech with a air for English and documented crime stories. 30,000 words a month. He's screaming around the place, as though that will stop the water. He can be heard through the rain. Scared as hell.

What a panic! As though the whole coast of California were sliding into the sea!

Everyone up and down the canyon is expecting the ultimate. How is he, when I at last reach the house? Why, you have never seen a more jubilant child. The roar of the water is echoed in his voice. He is in seventh heaven. Cavorting at the nearness of the elements. The swirling flood down the canyon has entered the yard, and is seeping through the gopher holes, eating at the very foundations of the house.

I bring bread, anchovies, a few cans, cheese, and wine. That sets him off in a crazy adoration of the elements. "Why, he's like a woodsman, he comes back like a sturdy trapper. Laden. O, yes, it's a wonderful night! You have enough supplies for a week. We can feast while the water mounts. Let it wash us away! Higher and higher!"

The time has come for Beethoven. The last quartets, as silent as the roaring rain. The world is not coming to an end, but he is willing to see all worldly possessions vanish, and scramble up the mountain-side, where one can watch the flood better and be closer to the stars.

This man lives with nature, as other people live with ideas. Put him in the midst of the lightning of Kansas, and he would stand in the middle of a field or under a tree with equal equanimity. The sky is a cup that fits over his head.

VII

In the midst of great confusion and excitement, he falls asleep. Not as a grandfather nodding in a chair, no! He finds a couch or a bed he can stretch out on, and goes into a sound slumber. At the point where other people strive for a second wind, where they start brandishing their egos about, he refuses to finish the race. He retires. All the Sassoons of England and all the Changs of China can sip coktails audibly around him, and he will still find the couch of peace, and sleep in the thick of them.

This sleep did not come easily to him. He sleeps the sleep of the blessed,

because it was earned, not learned. The greatest sufferer of all does not suffer. Once the peak is past, suffering becomes a diamond lodged in the brain, as palpable as a gall-stone turned into a lodestone.

He is not a beautiful guy to look at, at first blush. (He blushes easily.) From then on, he becomes one of the most handsome guys you ever saw. He walks with the aura of a chameleon inside-out so people can adopt the color they feel inside. And all the colors of the rainbow are there. He will lend a helping color to anyone who needs one. People can demand everything and anything from him and he will try to give it. This does not leave scars on the face, but a certain agony is apparent as long as he is awake.

When he goes to sleep, it is like twilight. All the muscles fade from his face. It is like Aphrodite ascending, to glimpse him asleep. A look I've never seen when he is awake.

His lips part in a smile, and he puts them together again, as though he will face the world out, but the blissful expression returns, and it is like a beatification, the sad smile he has when he sleeps. The twilight of the world; his face, with love, disgust, and disgrace ironed out of it, is an eternal symbol of the purity of man.

VIII

Beyond the twilight dawn
Of meteoric calm
Lurks the cadaver of thought. Anon.
Whacha know Joe?
I don't know nuthin . . . Anon.

Humility is a great virtue among anglosaxons. How the process of thought pursues them! It's the age of humility, liberal of course! M. Valery, Master Auden, and Sir Eliot! Hemingway, MacLeish, Dewey (John and Tom), and Wilson (Edmund and Woodrow). To think of them is to drop into a chasm. Contortions of limbs widen these personalities. How well they say what they think! Nostalgia of the stuffed heads. Irony of ironies coming out in scrollwork. Motives they raise to the level of technique, yet who could discover what they attack?

Satire is like a boomerang. New York is shooting itself. The artery infects the nation. A proud artery, like a welt, blooms, and the veins are vicious. Only individuals can stand out against it. So much for Gertrude Stein and the lost generation; always cropping up, since there's a harvest of youth every year, better than wheat. As though the Puritans values had been converted into Newyorkease. You can say you don't like the way he combs his theories out of his hair. You can say you lick the shiniest boots for a job. You can say he's lost heart, and you can cut the nearest corner. Pragmatically you can prove that you're a great guy and he's a louse, a sniper.

He's not sunk in the schism of ego Pascal and Descartes masked in. He did not ruin himself by the sound of his words. He can listen to contradictions with glee, can contrapose them, skyrocket and blast, because he is man, a poised shriek in the wilderness, with a tone so consistent it at times

eludes the ear.

That is how he can resurrect in his thoughts. Consider all the Frenchmen in the world since Balzac, and you will not find one who has whitened the bones of this writer so much. Something lacking in scholarship, of France and points west, to have neglected a dutiful labor of love these many years. No Seraphite in the Academie.

Nor in New York.

IX

He has not gone into the contemplative white light of the universe yet. When he sees a Swami he tests the texture of his truth by inquiring, "What is this thing called desire, and how does one go about losing it?" I doubt if many have answered the question better than he can and does, which is—by working it out.

Yet what an obverse solution to that of Baudelaire and Celine he finds! Baudelaire's tool is sin, and Celine's is wrath. With these instruments they carve their visions of man. He uses love, practical love, not the Renaissance, humanistic idol, but daialy here-and-now love, on all levels, from sympathy to self-immolation. He allows himself the gamut, because he has endured enough furnaces to know he does not destroy and is not destroyed. His fiber is tough. He does not explode like Nietzsche, and his life has not lacked opportunity or cause. He will never write *Mon Coeur mis a nu,* because all his work could be titled *Mon Corps mis a nu.* In him, heart and head have been spared Pascal's cleaver.

All artists have their way of being honest. Few artists have reached the level where they cannot be dishonest—in deed and word. When he tells a lie he blushes about it so much his honesty is apparent. I have never heard him tell a lie that was not connected with desire—and there again he is honest on whatever plane he is on, for what is more untruthful than desire —it is born, bred, and dies in approximations. Even there, he is aware of his honesty.

It is his generosity that separates him from the world, more than anything else. All artists have their way of being separated from the world. This is the one way that is not forced upon you, which you can be sure is of your own making: to give unstintingly, without hope of reward. This is his separation from the world. It does not bring with it any less grief than other crosses the artist may choose to bear. Unless you are a sensual masochist, which he definitely is not, it is a soul-shattering path. As you advance along it the way is not made easier. At each turn you are shaken to the roots of your being. The urge to spout like Celine must be a tremendous temptation. To deck out the world's disappointment with gems of bile, knowing wrath is beautiful, must be like embracing the city Satan showed Jesus. For an artist, it is an almost insurmountable instinct, once one has had the vision, to refuse to wallow in it to the soul's content. It is the greatest orgasm of all, and a never-ending one. Few men have been more linguistically gifted for this revelry than he, yet he refuses to be a Swift or a Celine. He might be a St. Francis, if he did not abhor diseases of

all kinds so thoroughly.

X

Talking, acting, and sleeping, he lives out what he writes. There are no gaps, no lapses, no denials of theory by temperamental excursions, no momentary letting down of metaphysical hair in daily activity. The stars and planets of his corpuscles move with the harmony of the spheres, because he has taught his blood stream one practical theme: the hallucination of frustration. From the viewpoint of content, all his works could be considered as one prodigious textbook on how not to suffer.

Take a look at the necropolis about you. Re-savor the bitter bones you were handed to gnaw on by Western civilization. Were they not all an education in how to suffer? From Baudelaire to Thomas Mann? Joyce, Proust, Yeats, Eliot, et. al.? Even Rabindrath Tagore was Oxonized. This man hurls four-letter words at the soul-weeping of lost generations, at the sanctimonious wakes held for tradition, at the ethics of nostalgia which seems the only theme artists of this century and the last can cling to for a *raison d'etre*. It has come to be considered an axiom that the artist goes through hell to inflict his own lacerations on the world for its aid and guidance. The real situation, that the lacerations are inflicted on him for his own aid and guidance, is the point it is fashionable to fall short of. Few great artists sing of joy, now, unless religious affiliations make Claudel and Gheon sound to one like genius. The tenor of the rest has the sound of virtuosos of the heart-throb, politicians of the intellect.

In him, the flow of words sends you back to another who dreamed helpfully and creatively about the problem of happiness, to that idol of a saviour, Buddha—one other who saw sorrow as the most active evil man can create.

The Orient and the West can combine! This self-styled monomaniac is the living proof that environmental differences are not insurmountable. He would love to change environments, but he can't kiss the only world he has lived in good-bye yet, because too few have heard. When he says, "Peace, brother", many take it as a literary flourish, not hearing the full impact of a benediction. As though no Western brother of theirs could reach the point where he could give benedictions. So he does not renounce writing, as though he must go on participating in *this* world until a breakthrough of understanding takes place in all friends on all planes. As long as he does this, his mortality is immediate. His Achilles' heel is sensitivity to the misunderstanding of those able to know better who draw a gold-net veil of worldly sophistication over their eyes.

He does all his own prying on himself; no one else can do it. He writes what he finds. Without ego and without wrath. Hard to find souls with talent without those shells. Hard to find men who have talents who do not distort one side for the other. Those who live what they write and write what they live—assuredly there are thousands who profess this. It is the assumption underlying all criticism. And this is a critical, poetic era, with

critics and poets so far from their criticism and poetry that books and magazines are riddled with their false explanations. When someone does what *they* pretend to wish, they are the first to refuse to recognize him.

After seeing Greece, he made a promise to himself. Let me be known by my life, not just by my words. He had made this promise to himself when a kid in New York. Read *Black Spring* and hear the child's timid, tender voice calling to his chums. He has never turned over a new leaf, because he never had to, his own self-persuasion to the contrary.

The little things, such as giving money when you don't have any, such as encouraging what you see is discouraging, promising nothing you will not do, taking limitless time for the least demand from people you dislike, when you see a spark of love blow it into what it could be, when a waitress slams a plate down give her all the tip you can spare, when a good meal is served wash the dishes, be kind to hosts if they are ghosts, run around the corner for the least thing someone's heart desires, pay back tenfold any gift given without refusing to take it, take it and give it to somebody else . . . . there are thousands of 'em.

To encourage, to speak without distinctions—to whomever, wherever. Always aiding a bit. Trying to get people together so they can realize what they do to each other and the stupidity of what they think about each other.

Always writing it, always writing it. Leaving a record on the dotted line for sceptics who want to check up. Love through the mind, that's the only thing they would understand! So don't neglect the words!

Scepticism arises because they have never lived with him. He is a Trojan for daily activities. No rubbish, no albatrosses in his wake. He blends with the rubbish and with the albatross, but his sails are set for the white light the tortured devils of the Western world, such as Dostoevsky and countless others, dreamed in their happiest moments.

Yet more than that: he dawns . . .

CAN SPRING BEFORE BEHIND?

Animals cannot abide
In this immoderate countryside.
No provision in its plan
For natural or unnatural man.
It waits unseen; unheard
The sole cremating call of bird.

Never was a plaza so
Abominably Chirico.
Roman arches glare upon
A solitary speculum.
Subterranean corridors
Undertake defunct guitars;
For mezzo-fishes could not snare
The curly polyfamous ear.

No strings, no ocarinas play
For Moloch now or Salome.
Mouths of cisterns cannot kiss
The dead face of artifice.
But coracles and furnaces
Testify what was and is.

Local history once knew
Bull, labryinth, and clue.
Now bones and archæology
Confront a bold, monotonous sea.
Over bone and artifact
Intolerable mountains wait.
William Wordsworth may despair.
Not so Charles Baudelaire.

W. Y. Tindall

THE INVITATION TO A WALTZ

These essentially erotic figures
Fail in a dull evening, denying
The frantic activity of their fingers.
It is the rose that wears a blush.

But here is no matter for blushing.
Here upon the thick, happy bed
The violent bodies are spread in love.
Love is a name whispered like a god,

An invidious effigy. O snake,
O inevitably subtle stroke! The woman
Is gay with her violent invitation,
An angel of mercy with a brown smile,

The colour of ordure. It is an odorous
Thing. It is a new thing she does.
It is a new lover, a new time
On the old and worn bed. New!

But not original! No. Behind
The pale, the beautiful, the douce, the dear
Smiling face there stands an ancient figure
Bleak with old and woeful prophecies;

And from the two hot mouths there come
Subtly venomous kisses, the poison
Of an old line. It is not a failure
Of ardour or delight. Love in these arms

Is their intensest pleasure. Time
Stands still. It is the new moment, the fair.
Time stands still. But time is never still.
I do remember Helen and the old

Wars. I can hear the whisper of the trees
In the oak-grove. The failure
Is a failure of the blood, the deep
Inability to know love from love.

NICHOLAS MOORE

Subway System

By KATHARINE SHATTUCK

It was Sunday afternoon and because of the gasoline shortage buses were not running on Fifth Avenue.

They had come uptown on the subway. Emerging from the unhealthy light of the underground onto the almost deserted street was strange, unreal. But the shadowy and bright buildings expanded as usual on the distance to the trees of the Park.

Central Park, Fifth Avenue, Independent Subway System – meticulously she gave each thing its name. Naming a thing kept it in its place in the cold reasonableness of reality; kept the present hers, something to hold to as she held Don's arm; held off the moment in which she stood alone on the platform in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards, watching the red light of the train grow small and distant, the hand waving she knew was Don's disappear.

But Don was beside her, tall and very thin in his whites, a Naval officer connected somehow with a ship and a future neither of which was hers. As the moment that would come tonight on the station platform was hers and not his.

Across the ten days of his leave – leave, so cruel a word – they had built the precarious fabric of reality, to have this happen again. But they were walking on Fifth Avenue, together, laughing. Their footfalls rang on the pavement. Don was talking. Lightly as a hand his voice fell across her fears. In the windows of the shops she saw their figures passing – Don in white, holding her arm, looking down on her with his light, laughing, loving glance; she in gray with her blond hair like twisted candy on her neck and the sailor hat, a shade too severe, a shade darker than her hair. Beyond their images behind the blackout curtains were shoes, blouses, bags, all the appurtenances of everyday.

"Look, Maggie. There isn't a car in sight. Is there?"

"One," she said. But as she spoke the car turned the corner somewhere down at Forty-eighth Street and the Avenue dropped into gray city distance beyond the trees at Rockefeller Center.

In Schwartz's windows was a toy village. Steeple and bell tower and roofs drowsed in the unreal atmosphere behind the glass.

A man and a dog ahead of them at Fifty-seventh Street were crossing the Avenue.

"It's an Afghanistan hound," she said.

And Don said: "Hardly an animal."

"Isn't it a beautiful color, though? A kind of dark champagne."

The hound on its leash continued down Fifty-seventh Street. The man was a civilian in summer gabardine, wearing no hat. The corners of the building shut dog and man from view.

Beyond them on the Avenue a clock in glazed idiot stare announced four-twenty-seven. Her mind computed minutes, seconds until eleven-fifty-seven.

"He looked like Joe Emery."

"Who looked like Joe, Maggie?"

"The man with the dog looked a little like Joe Emery, I thought."

"Joe's in California. Santa Ana the last I heard. Unless he's gone across. He's probably shipped by now. It's been quite awhile."

"Remember the time Joe got drunk and wanted to take me home?"

They laughed about Joe.

Our footsteps can be heard all over the city, she thought.

They crossed Fifth Avenue at Sixtieth.

Don was holding her arm so tightly she felt the hard bone of the skeleton. He was so much stronger than he looked. He didn't talk about the ship – a little about the men. He was ship's censor and so knew about their private lives. The man with the wife and mistress. The boy who got married in Florida to the girl he had known two hours. Time was so important one way or another. Either there was not enough, or there was too much time.

The carriages were drawn up in their row. The top hats the coachmen wore were green black; cabs, coachmen, and horses were out of another century.

"Let's ride," she cried.

Don helped her into the cab, the third from the end, shinier than the others. The coachman wore fawn colored trousers and black patent leather boots.

She removed her hat, ruffling her hair with her fingers. It was curling above her forehead, which, pulled taut over the skull bones, was white and high. Don rubbed the hair back and smiled at her.

They linked arms and hands and watched the Park.

"It looks like the badly painted curtain in a third-rate theater in a small town in the provinces."

The last time Don left, she had taken the subway home. She had not meant to. She had taken a cab before. She had been lost in the Pennsylvania Station, trying to find the Independent Subway System.

The horse beats sounded on the pavement in syncopated off-rhythm.

From the cab the Park did unroll like a painting – a large bare impressive background with minute details: a child and a hoop; a black nursemaid with two white children; the outcropping bare hide-colored rocks. Sailors walked with their girls. Two marines with two girls lay on

a blanket under a yellow rose bush.

She had ridden for hours in the subway, staring at the black windows; at her own reflection; at the black alleys where the trains moved.

Don's hand caressed hers. It was hard to make this seem the present. Ahead of them, moving along the road edge, in the present too, was the figure of a little man in brown. He was dapperly dressed though in winter not summer clothes. The brown felt hat with precisely rolled brim was a shade too large for him, and his brown coat was too large.

"He's a kind of Chaplin. In brown."

"He doesn't have a derby."

"Remember the endings in the first Chaplin, Maggie? The boat capsizes. They won't drown. They can't drown. But they do drown? Bubbles form over the spot?"

"Marvelous!" she said. A marvelous ending, a marvelous ending, the only possible ending – bubbles on the black water gurgling up, up, up. On oil, they say, burning oil. *Even at one o'clock at night there are people in the Subway reading papers, asleep, staring. She had not taken the right train. Strange stations hurled past. The train was light, though, as neat and common and unfearful as a barber shop. Nothing fearful happened in barber shops. There were doors out there that opened into nowhere and her own face on the glass peering out, looking, looking.*

Don said: "He should have a cane."

"He left it. When he left the barber shop."

"Barber shop?"

"He is a barber, isn't he?" This wasn't original. "Somebody left that coat in the shop. That's why it's too big. He wears it on Sunday, thinking he's safe. He won't meet the customer who left it. On Sundays, will he?"

Don laughed and bent her fingers back. They were long and thin with prominent knuckles. Because she used them well no one realized how crooked and bony her fingers actually were.

"Do you know why the man left the coat in the barber shop?"

"Why did he leave it?" Don smiled his arrogant tender smile.

His skin was bad, quite mottled. In anyone else it would be a disfigurement.

"Why did the man leave his coat?" He smiled again as if to say we're off again.

"Why did the man leave his coat, Maggie?"

"The barber, the little man we see in the road in his short trousers and too big coat, without his cane, but with gloves, hat and shoes, slit his throat."

"Slit his throat. While he was shaving him."

"Usually there were people in the shop, but there was no one on this morning. It was a little shop with two chairs, but Gus was the only barber. Gus is the little man's name, Augustus Bremer. He's German. His shop is on Eighty-sixth Street off Second Avenue. He lives above it

alone. He's never married."

"You know a lot about him."

"Yes."

The man had sat beside her in the Subway. She had wanted to get up and move. Then she was afraid to move. In his hand he held an open razor. That was the night Don went away.

Don turned beside her and she turned to look back at the little man, for they had passed him by now. His trousers were tight in the crotch, so that his walk was strained, high-stepping. She could not see the face beneath the shadow of the hat.

"The man in the big coat came in that morning and stood by the door and said can you shave me?" She went on with the game. "He had a short black beard and was thick through the chest – a really big handsome man. He might have been a sailor or a blacksmith. He had thick shoulders and blue eyes – a kind, thinking face. And lonely. You knew he'd been lonely always and had got used to it. He stood at the door and said can you shave me? He had a kind face, a thinking one. You felt he thought a lot. He had rough workman's shoes on – high – and dirty trousers, but this clean coat."

"It's as plain as if it happened."

He stroked her hand. She could see herself sitting in the shining carrige beside him – he in his whites, tall and thin, handsome, generous, clever, and kind; she in her silver dress, silk, soft and full, and her silver pin catching it over her breasts – so big for such a little girl, Don said. And her gray eyes were big in her face. She knew what she looked like. She liked her pale hair and her little feet – abstractly – because Don liked them.

"The man hung his coat on the books below the mirror and Gus honed his razor."

"And the old guy," Don broke in, "the big one who had shipped from Rio sat down in the chair."

They stared at each other for one flecked instant. Was he too making the story out of some necesstiy of his own?

The man in the Subway had been neither little nor big, but thin. He had been thin and unshaven with a pointed head. He wore no hat. She saw the sweat stain on his blue shirt and the buttons on his dirty trousers that were not fastened. She stared back at her own reflection in the black glass of the window, on which glimmered like images on water the white walls of the train, the passengers' faces, the man beside her. Her hands lay on her lap, the wrists defenseless, beseeching. Each time the train moved into a station she had thought I will get up and go, but she had not moved. He had bent his gaze over her. She felt herself rising, her skirt brushing his knees as she passed him, lurching with the train's lurching. And he followed her, he stood before the doors with her, waiting for them to open. Their faces were side by side on the glass. . . . And so she had not moved but had sat staring at the window with its layers

of images like images on water superimposed on her face. Down down down into water.

Don said: "The little guy Gus honed the razor, he tested it with his thumb, he honed it."

"His back was to the big man," she said, interrupting to forestall him. "His feet were on the foot rest, and his eyes were closed because it didn't matter to him any more whether he saw anything or not. Now that he had accustomed himself to the idea of being lonely."

She stopped talking.

The Park with its artificially rural scenery unrolled before them. The dogwood had bloomed. The laurel and the rhododendron had bloomed. The tulips were gone. The magnolias were gone. Flocks of trees like birds grazed over the lawn, crowding into gulleys where the grass was thin, and sailors with their girls lay in the shade rolling toward each other.

The horse hoofs rattled on the pavement. She could not bear to look behind, but knew that the little man in brown was coming, walking not quite so fast as the horse, but coming.

Children, like the trees in flocks, ran on the grass.

A man with two handsome dogs was bent to unleash them. One was a setter, one was a great Dane.

Don was talking, but she did not listen now.

What was it like, standing on the bridge of a ship at night on the Atlantic?

She had taken the Subway because the time before had been so bad. She had tried to get drunk. She had said to the cab driver, "Why don't you come up, Johnny? I have a bottle of Scotch. We can get stinko, we can get blotto, we can get drunk." She had said that.

The cab driver hadn't come and the next time she had taken the Subway and the pointed headed man had sat beside her. His face was dark, dirty and unshaven, and behind the dirt and beard was white skin like a dead man's.

She was afraid to move. The dirty man with the pointed head had stood up. He had got off at an unnamed station without looking at her. His thumb rubbed the razor edge, and he went away into the lights of the station through the gates. His trousers were loose, almost dropping off. He was so thin the seat of his trousers hung to his knees. He had not looked at her. Nothing had happened.

"The big guy never opened his eyes," Don said. "As neat as a pin dropping Gus slit that gullet and the——"

She wanted to stop him.

The cab stopped instead at an intersection for the light.

It was a foolish thing to have to do, for there were no cars. There was a ban on pleasure driving. They waited before the red light, hung high in a cross. Nothing passed. The arms of the roadway stretched bare and empty on either side.

The horse arched his tail. Three turds dropped on the pavement.

Author of"The Flowering of New England" (Pulitzer Prize Winner) and "New England: Indian Summer")Book-Of-The-Month Club Selection)

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Don counted her fingers with his own.

"Escuza me."

They jumped together, hearing the thick foreign voice so near.

Beside the cab below them on the road stood the little man they had named Augustus Bremer.

He was not German. He was Italian. He held his hat over his heart in simple Italian gesture, and his hair parted on the side was black and wetted down, so that the comb marks showed precisely as in wax.

"The hat?" He held in his hand her candy-colored sailor. His teeth showed white in his dark face.

She extended her hand and took the hat. She had not missed it.

The light changed. The coachman started the horse. The little man held his hat in salute and smiled broadly, humbly. They rolled on. He stood in the road like the dead and gallant spirit of the past, saluting them as they rolled away, Italian and humble.

Don laughed first.

Laughter retched them wretchedly as vomit. Tears rolled on their faces. Augustus Bremer.

"Gus!" Don choked.

She wiped her face with his handkerchief and wiped his face and put on the hat the little man had brought her. They stared at each other and stopped laughing. Her fingers shook. Her hands were cold. Don's hands were cold when she clutched them.

They were driving in a carriage in Central Park in New York City in the United States of America in the world in—— Meticulously she gave each thing its name. Naming a thing kept it in its place, kept the present hers, gave her something to hold to as she held Don's hand, held off the moment in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards in which she stood alone watching the red light of the train disappear, Don's hand disappear.

THIRD ELEGY

What passion is the direction? Whose flesh is the going?
What straining
of the squinting eye is the coming?

After all, even though
your senses have edited the processions and published in the rain
the long shining triangle of tracks with the triangle's bottom
never
completed and always dropped into the endless backing up
of your perception (that's the shattering of the lie
right there!)—— even though—— after all, isn't the compass
(go on, now, turn your blood and flesh around in a complete
circle right on that point of earth which by your turning
will be scooped out slowly and steadily for a depth enough
of grave)——

isn't the compass people and things gazing at you from each
degree of the three-hundred-and-sixty, converging on you, and are
not each of them stared at also, by the you-degree
in its turn?

Why then do you ask destinations? And why
do you ask beginnings?

Have you not noticed that we have put
up our tents with an infinite variety of poles, and staked them
down
with many kinds of ephemeral anchors?

Our core
is a whirling one, and men find the great whoredom with energy
in being thrown off into the natural nomadry.

Have you not seen
the silver earrings that are the planets——
dangling from gypsy space?

GIL ORLOVITZ

PILATE

Their myth ignored his tactless question knowing
Its absolute houses were of stone that they could touch
Who were still innocent, and did not worry much.
But eyes so long accustomed to looking up, saw in the air
Above the reassuring towers of their faith and fear,
His doubt grown huge.
Afraid to ask each other what it meant,
And waiting for their dinner or a train,
They found an answer in the names of stations,
In evening noises of a restaurant,
And newsy letters from their near relations;
And dark prophetic throats of newsboys under rain.

THE SUMMER FOUNDERED VISIBLY

The summer foundered visibly; surprised,
He watched the trees grow thinner and more strained,
Noticed he was gigantic in the sunrise,
And heard his watch grow restless when it rained.
And as the nights moved closer the procession
Of tactful long black limousines that seemed
Always to pass him in the street began
To cross the abandoned causeway that he dreamed.
The winter sunlight made him taller still;
Requesting where he'd ordered, he became
A heavy smoker, dreading the long night,
And talked to utter strangers in the street,
Telling them everything except his name,
Which could be found on any toilet wall.

WITHIN THE RAINLESS ORDERED HINTERLAND

Within the rainless ordered hinterland
Of their gestation they could see the glow
And fearless spires of that magnetic city,
They could not see the tattered papers blow

Through alleys where not even newsboys spoke
Their tongue. There, when they could not understand
Each other, their ambitious tower slowed down,
And violence ran like rumor through the land,

Till he dared tell them what they could not do.
The ivy's loving tightened on the tree.
And death was slow and queer but less unpleasant
Than always to be frightened and be free.

And for his apparatus of enslavement,
Of armband, equal stride and uniform,
They made a long new word, and justified
Their impulse to be naked and be warm.

DEAN JEFFRESS

GOLIATH

Suburbs of the Middle East
Cast a dark fanatical eye
Upon the splendor and the dust
Of great Goliath passing by.

Fruit of evil and of good,
Green for Mycenaean man,
Fed the Jew who misconstrued
Those six cubits and a span.

Under Gath the giantess sighed;
David cocked a barbarous ear.
Tyrian mutes and eunuchs dyed
Purples for the sepulture,

Winding in one winding sheet
Minos and the girls of Crete.

W. Y. TINDALL

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Cities of the Rockies

2: Denver

By LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON

Although a juvenile among American cities, Denver is proud of her past and confidently optimistic about her future. Founded in 1858, she became twenty-fifth in size during the span of on man's lifetime. Carved from the western edge of the so-called Great American Desert, she has had to put forth tremendous efforts to overcome the natural obstacles to her development: isolation and meager rainfall. Never satisfied, her visionary leaders added slogan to slogan; having established Denver as "Queen City of the Plains" and "Gateway to the Rockies," they coveted for her such titles as "Chicago of the West," "Second Capital of the United States," and even "The American Paris."

As a place of temporary residence this oasis-like spot had been utilized for many decades by Indians and mountain men. The wandering Arapahoes and Cheyennes had stopped here while their squaws picked the wild fruit; when ground up and mixed with dried buffalo meat and bear's fat, it produced an early variety of field rations easy to carry and highly nutritious. Such famous traders and trappers as Kit Carson and the three Jims – Baker, Beckwourth, and Bridger – made camps here, as did the exploring parties of Long and Fremont. By October of 1858 a permanent settlement had been started in Auraria, now a part of Denver, by the erection of a double log cabin in what came to be known as "Indian Row."

The continued existence of Denver has, however, resulted from the strenuous exertions and the great ingenuity of her citizens rather than to outstanding natural advantages. Other cities have possessed an excellent harbor, or an abundant rainfall and rich soil, or a tributary population made rich by great quantities of raw materials, cheap power, and convenient markets. Denver has always enjoyed, it is true, a wonderful climate and magnificent scenery; but, as many a down-and-outer has discovered in time of depression, "You can't eat them." Her prosperity has come from her ability to share in the profits that venturesome men have won from gold and silver mines, from irrigation farming, from livestock, from coal, from varied industries, from tourists, and from commercial enterprises. The fortunes of the bonanza kings of the past helped to develop Denver, but had she depended on those alone she would now be falling into decay. Leadville, for example, had a population of forty thousand

or more in "boom days"; in 1940 she had less than five thousand.

Perhaps the most serious threat to Denver's continued existence was the decision of the builders of the first transcontinental railroad to by-pass Colorado. Seeking the least expensive route over the Continental Divide, they chose Bridger Pass in Wyoming in preference to Berthoud Pass, west of Denver. Unable to persuade the Pacific Railroad officials to serve Denver, a group of business men under the leadership of former territorial Governor John Evans raised the necessary funds and built a connecting line to Cheyenne in 1870. In the decades which followed Denver became a railroad center, with the Kansas Pacific coming from the East, with the Denver and Rio Grande reaching into the Southern and Western parts of the state on a narrow gauge that could thread mountain canyons, and with many other lines in all directions.

Before the middle of the sixties the little town that had started with one log cabin in 1858 had developed all of the institutions and most of the conveniences of civilized living that were to be found in the older communities east of the Missouri River. For example, O. J. Goldrick, "commonly called the 'Professor'," had arrived in August, 1859, as a bull-whacker in the service of J. B. Doyle, of New Mexico. Doyle was owner of a freighting outfit and a pioneer merchant in Auraria. Goldrick was "clothed in a faultless and fastidious suit of broadcloth, surmounted by a glossy silken hat." Having had some university education in his native Ireland, he decided to open a Union School for Auraria and Denver; on October 3, thirteen children, including halfbreeds, presented themselves for instruction. The first religious services, which had occurred nearly a year previously, had been equally crude.

By January 1, 1860, Denver's pioneer historian, the nameless publisher of a directory, *Denver City and Auraria, the Commercial Emporium of the Pikes Peak Gold Regions in* 1859, felt it necessary to correct the Easterner's erroneous conception of Western culture – a task which still occupies many Westerners. He boasted as follows: "Social life on Cherry Creek is usually supposed in the East to be entirely destitute of attractions. This view is, however, not borne out by the facts in the premises. The people of Denver and Auraria enjoy themselves this winter as well as the inhabitants of any town west of St. Louis. Theatres, concerts, balls, and parties, are by no means rare occurences. And further, they have a weekly mail, that arrives and departs with the utmost regularity, and an excellent weekly newspaper, so that intellectual comforts are not altogether missing."

When the *Rocky Mountain News* opposed the lawless elements which were getting out of hand in the summer of 1860, Editor Byers was taken from his office by an armed band of ruffians who escorted him to the Criterion Saloon to confront Charles Harrison, their chief. Harrison, recognizing a brother Mason and a citizen of influence, helped Byers to escape. Then the editor and his employees barricaded themselves in the *News* building in preparation for another attack. One of the outlaws mounted a horse and rode past the *News* office, shooting into it until he was brought

down by shotgun fire from "Noisy Tom" Pollock, Denver's pioneer blacksmith.

Literary societies, Masonic lodge meetings, and political conventions helped to pass the time. In 1864 the pioneer institution of higher education, Colorado Seminary, was established, growing in later years into the University of Denver. Denver's first poet, Lawrence N. Greenleaf, was always able to provide a poem for a Fourth of July ceremony or any other occasion, large or small. A whole book of his work was published in Boston in 1868, entitled *King Sham and Other Atrocities in Verse*. It seemed as if Denver had arrived culturally.

The coming of the railroad in 1870 brought an end to the pioneer period and made possible a great boom in population and in building during the next two decades. The fortunes of Denver rose with each new discovery of a gold or silver region and declined with the exhaustion of each. In 1878 the Leadville carbonates turned Colorado into "the Silver State." Some of the millions coming out of Leadville helped to develop Denver; H. A. W. Tabor, for example, erected a large business block in 1880, and the Tabor Grand Opera House in 1881. Imposing brownstone mansions surrounded by trees and lawns replaced the former sagebrush and cactus. Senator N. P. Hill, a Brown University chemistry professor who had developed a profitable method for treating the refractory ores of Gilpin County, moved his smelter down from Blackhawk and built a forty thousand dollar mansion at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Welton. Governor J. L. Routt constructed his fine house diagonally across from it. Such visitors as Walt Whitman praised the modern appearance of the city. By 1890 Denver's population had grown from the 35,629 of 1870 to 106,703; and the value of the silver mined in the state in 1890 was nearly twenty million dollars, lead another five million, and gold, four million.

The cornerstone was laid in 1890 for a great Capitol, although it was not ready for occupancy until 1894. The Brown Palace Hotel, a showplace and landmark of modern Denver, supplanted in popularity the old Windsor Hotel, whose bar Eugene Field had patronized from 1881 to 1883, while he was writing humorous poetry and prose for his column in the *Denver Tribune*. Then came the panic of 1893 and the demonetization of silver. Denver was prostrated. Many asked, "Can she ever recover?"

Recover she did; but not until after some very difficult times. Jacob Coxey organized his "army" of some two thousand unemployed in a tent city in Denver's since vanished River Front Park. Starting their march on Washington to get relief, some floated on rafts down the Platte River; some rode the trains at reduced rates or bummed their way; only a few reached Washington. By 1895 conditions had improved, partly as a result of Cripple Creek gold; so Denver staged a huge celebration.

But it was not until the administration of Mayor Robert W. Spear, 1904-12 and 1916-18, that Denver began to assume her modern appearance. As Chauncey Thomas once phrased it, "Russell made the camp;

Byers made the town; and Spear made the city." A year previously the voters of the state had authorized Denver to adopt "Home Rule," providing for a combination of city and county government, a great improvement as was soon demonstrated. Under Spear's leadership the Civic Center was laid out, an extensive system of boulevards and parks was developed, Cherry Creek was walled in and flanked by driveways, the city dump was transformed into the Sunken Gardens, the city auditorium was built, bathing beaches were established, "Keep Off the Grass" signs were verboten, and a thirty thousand dollar Welcome Arch illuminated by two thousand electric lights was erected at the Union Station. Spear was criticized for the high taxes which accompanied the above and other improvements; his enemies often referred to the mayor's machine and his friendly relations with the public service corporations.

Denver's steady growth in population during recent decades – about two per cent a year – has been accompanied by a reasonable amount of civic progress. The notorious bunco gang, which had fleeced tourists and other innocents for many years, was finally broken up in 1922. District Attorney Philip Van Cise sent twenty of the leaders to the penitentiary in spite of their close alliance with the big shots at City Hall and the Police Department. Anyone who wants to can read the details in Van Cise's book, *Fighting the Underworld.*

Since 1858 the sensational side of Denver's criminal, political, and economic life has received a generous amount of nation-wide publicity. The story as set down in contemporary newspapers and magazines and in a number of once-popular books can be recommended as based upon some fact and as not any more distorted than the Hollywood horse operas and the Wild West pulps. These books include *Hands Up, or Thirty-five Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains* (Denver, 1897); Judge Ben Lindsey's The Beast and the Jungle (1911); and the more recent *Here They Dug the Gold, The Reign of Soapy Smith, Timber Line,* and *Silver Dollar.*

The outstanding event in Denver's history between the two world wars was the construction of the Moffat Tunnel. It ended her half-century fight for a transcontinental railroad line; and it provided for bringing vast quantities of snow water through the tunnel from the Western Slope for her increasing population. Thus she scored again against her old enemies: isolation and drought. But the old Western preference for private enterprise took a beating. David Moffat had died in 1911, a relatively poor man, after spending his millions trying unsuccessfully to build a railroad over the mountains. Wall Street had refused to help him, for it was drawing large profits from the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe, with which Denver and Salt Lake would be in competition. It was not until the state legislature in 1922 passed a law creating the Moffat Tunnel Improvement District that the construction of a six-mile tunnel through James Peak could be undertaken.

Following the crash of 1929, Denver, like other cities in the United

States, turned more and more to federal relief and assistance. But this was gall and wormwood to those nurtured in the tradition of individual enterprise. They accepted vast reclamation projects for this region; they sent representatives to Congress and lobbyists to Washington asking for extensions to the giant U. S. Fitzsimmons General Hospital, to Fort Logan, and to the Air Corps Technical School, which had been established at Lowry Field in 1937 on the grounds of Phipps Sanitarium, which the city purchased and gave to the federal government. But Denver's strong Chamber of Commerce also worked for the creation of a fine Municipal Airport, later named Stapleton Field in honor of the mayor who has kept the city's governmental machinery well oiled and quietly running for so long that most Denverites do not remember the name of his predecessor. The financial, commercial, and industrial leaders of Denver want the free, competitive system; but in these troubled times they have been glad to have the national government build here a big ordnance plant, an arsenal for chemical warfare, etc., etc., and to locate an ever-increasing number of bureaucrats in their midst. They are dreaming today, nevertheless, of a great postwar era characterized by a return to private enterprise, with a corresponding decrease in federal taxes and federal regulations.

Perhaps enough has been recounted to warrant the statement that Denver's past has been full of struggle, sensational events, and solid accomplishment. Her present-day personality results in part from her history and in part from a combination of persisting factors. First of all is the climate. Denverites laud the cool nights of summer, and the stimulating atmosphere, conducive to energetic living, optimism, and year-around outdoor activities. Even the cold of the winter is not felt because of the dryness of the air, and the afternoon showers of summer never get anyone wet. All of the peculiar virtues and vices of the natives have been explaind at one time or another by reference to Denver's unusual altitude, just a mile above sea level. Without doubt Denverites believe the motto which their flamboyant evening paper, *The Denver Post*, prints at the head of its daily weather report: "'Tis a privilege to live in Colorado."

Health-seekers once flocked to Denver in such numbers that they were dubbed "the one-lung army." Those who "came too late" were cared for by the beautiful mortuaries which multiplied out of proportion to the resident population. Many "chasers of the cure" completely recovered, as did a sick man named Sagendorf, who arrived at Cherry Creek in 1858, with several good boards which he had brought with him across the barren plains in case he should die on the way and need a coffin. Sanitariums for the tubercular have decreased in patronage in recent years, however, for doctors have either discovered an equally good climate elsewhere or have decided that the patients are just as well off at home.

Except for the D. & F. Tower and a few of the newer office buildings, from four to eight stories are the common heights. Down many a busy street one can catch glimpses of snow-capped mountains fifteen to fifty

miles away. Vacant lots transformed into auto parks, public squares, and the Civic Center – adjoined on one side by the spacious Capitol grounds – contribute to one's impression that there is still "plenty of room to turn around in," even downtown. The movement of people on the sidewalks and of traffic in the streets is brisk, but several miles per hour slower than the pace in Chicago and New York.

Throughout the residence districts one is even more conscious of the blue sky, the mountains on the western horizon, and the green lawns. Laid out by real estate promoters who dreamed of an ever expanding population, Denver is a city of one-family bungalows; and yet building lots are still plentiful. In past years many a wage earner hearkened to the chant of the realtor, "Own your own home; it is cheaper to build than to rent." Before the gasoline and car famine put a check to it, an increasing number of Denver working people spread out beyond the city limits, driving back and forth each day. They avoided building restrictions and high taxes; but Denver lost revenue. In the summer, especially, mountain-life enthusiasts took their families to cabins up Bear Creek, Turkey Creek, or some other canyon, and came back to the city only long enough to earn the money which made such a life possible.

Denver's many city parks and well-kept lawns require unremitting care, for without frequent irrigation the trees, the shrubs, and the unusually green grass would die and be replaced by their forerunners, the tumbleweed and the sage. Since householders pay for water according to the size of the house and lots and the number of outlets–not by the quantity used – Denverites practice during the summer months something like a daily ritual. Early in the morning or toward twilight they may be seen– in decidedly informal dress or undress – moving the sprinklers from spot to spot on their lawns and gardens or holding a hose with which they guide a stream of sparkling water onto their highly valued greenery. All of the many trees in Denver, except for a few cottonwoods and willows along the banks of the almost dry streams, were set out by hand and carefully nursed along to maturity. Perhaps this is, in part, the reason for the average Denverite's great love for nature and the out-of-doors.

A further explanation may be found in the magnetic power of the mountain skyline visible from Denver for one hundred and fifty miles, reaching to Longs Peak on the north and to Pikes Peak on the south. The rich and infinitely varied effects of sunrise, of cloud, and of sunset upon this landscape have never been adequately recorded in word or picture. Before the war most Denver families owned a car which they headed west as often as possible. Into it they would load themselves and enough food and equipment for a picnic or for a period of several days, depending upon whenever a holiday, Sunday or long vacation had arrived. Some fished for the mountain trout; some hunted deer, in season; some liked best to drive high up among the peaks and the snow-fed lakes to see how the autumn frosts had colored the groves of aspen or to look for the first columbines of spring.

From the above idyllic pictures one would not conclude that Denverites have no interest in money and in getting ahead in the world. Far from it. Since her earliest days people have come to Denver "to make their pile"; or they have grown up in Colorado challenged by the legends of how Hill, Evans, Hughes, Palmer, Eaton, Mears, Routt, Tabor, Stratton, Walsh, Guggenheim, Iliff, Cheeseman, Thatcher, Reed, Phipps, Bonfils, Tammen, and the other millionaires became rich and powerful. The old spirit of individualism and ruthless competition is still strong.

Denverites like to think that they are typically American. So far there have been only small numbers of foreigners and of minority groups among them. In the future, however, the crowds in Denver's streets and other public places may come to resemble those in other cities, with a larger admixture of non-typical American faces; Denverites may have to develop a greater tolerance for "non-Aryan" races, for unfamiliar ways of living, and for non-Western outlooks. Perhaps a majority still cherish the old frontier attitude: never ask a man where he came from and who were his ancestors; judge him by his actions. Coloradans are, however, worried about what is to become of the eight or nine thousand Japanese who were brought into the state from the west coast in order to get them out of strategic war areas.

Certainly Denver is now in the midst of a significant period of transition. What Denver should, might or will become in the postwar era is a controversial subject. Those who have known her and loved her in the past hope that she can regain her once proud title, cleanest city in the world. Quite disturbing is the somewhat recent conversion of local planners to the idea that Denver should become "the industrial center of the Rocky Mountain West."

Her representative in Congress recently contended: "Denver has been known heretofore as a commercial center alone. . . . During the war, however, a transition has occurred. Now we can be not only a distributing center, but a manufacturing center, too." Pueblo, home of the C. F. and I. steel plant, has been called "The Pittsburgh of the West." There are those in Denver who hope that Pueblo may long retain that title. They do not object to a few such home-owned factories as the Gates Rubber Co.; but they see no virtue in industrializing Denver just so she can grow bigger and bigger.

Many areas of life in Denver could, however, be profitably improved in quality. Nothing, of course, needs to be done about the sunshine, the altitude or the scenery. But during the war years there has been little energy, time or money left over for cultivating the fine or applied arts and for extending educational opportunities. The study of Colorado's past achievements has at last become a part of the junior high school curriculum; far too many Denverites know practically nothing about the history of this part of our country, and they do not seem to realize that true patriotism like charity should begin at home.

Although the annual Great Western Stock Show and Rodeo is well

patronized and the pre-war Central City Play Festival successfully revived interest in a famous old gold town for a few years, Denverites have had little chance to enjoy entertainments that are local in character. Denver's new but unused outdoor theatre in the Park of the Red Rocks, at the foot of the mountains, would be a wonderful place for Western pageants, plays, and operas; after the war it will be used, but a kind of provincial inferiority complex in respect to art may result in a series of concerts by Metrooplitan Opera stars rather than a flowering of local talent. There are, of course, many leaders of vision working with the Denver Symphony, the Art Museum, the Historical Society, the schools and colleges, etc., etc.; too often, they are unaware of what others of similar interests are trying to do. They lack, for one thing, a regional publication comparable to the *Rocky Mountain Review*, of Salt Lake, or the *Southwest Review*, of Dallas.

Denver is, in spite of all limitations, an outstanding center of civilized living. She is still small enough for her people to get acquainted easily, in street cars or across back fences, and for friends to see each other frequently. Yet she is large enough for one to avoid associating with those whose company is distasteful. Although cherishing strong preferences and antipathies derived from her tradition of pioneering, from her unique location, and from her peculiar economy, she is striving to be cosmpolitan, to cooperate with the rest of the country, and to understand international problems. She still welcomes strangers who come to look or to stay. But she does not intend to become standardized.

"I Want Good Clothes"

Mark of enduring loveliness
in line, fit and fabric -- the
Makoff label. Witness the simple
Drama of our new spring
collections -- style distinction,
immaculate tailoring and fabric
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SIXTY EAST SOUTH TEMPLE

Harrele-Mit-The-Pants

By CHARLES ANGOFF

From the earliest days I can remember, Uncle Harry was called Harrele-Mit-The-Pants. The reason was that he always wore pants of enormous proportions, though he was a man of ordinary weight and height. The pants were never pressed, which made them look even larger than they were, and when there was a wind he seemed to be walking on balloon tires. His shirt collar also was larger than he needed, and his hat invariably rested at the back of his head, like a sailor's cap. The general impression he gave was that of a loose-jointed, ambling man, and the eternal stubble on his face added to his care-free air. He was married and had three children, but he kept his family in the background, seldom taking them along when he visited us, which was very often.

I liked Harrele-mit-the-Pants almost from my first glimmer of consciousness. As a very young child I used to get lost in his enormous pants, as he played with me on his lap, and I got great pleasure in rubbing my hand against his unshaved face. He had an appealing voice, a sort of broken tenor, and he would sing me to sleep with melancholy Russian and Yiddish songs. As I got older he would take me for long walks in the Boston Common and the Esplanade by the Charles River. But they were no ordinary walks. They were educational. Harrele-mit-the-Pants wanted to make a real man out of me, "like the way nature is, and like the way philosophers say," he would tell me. And he did up to a point.

First he taught me to inhale and exhale, long before Bernarr Macfadden made breathing a science. Harrele-mit-the-Pants was an instinctive scientist, and whatever confirmation his instinct needed he would get from glancing at Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books—he didn't have the patience to read anything all the way through—or from the science squibs in the Boston American. He impressed upon me the absolute need for breathing through my nose and to keep my mouth shut when doing so. I took his instruction so much to heart that even today I am a bit uneasy when my mouth is open for any reason at all. I'm afraid I'll catch germs, as Harrele-mit-the-Pants warned me. Sometimes I think I would have been a better and happier man if I haad kept my mouth shut more often.

Then Harrele-mit-the-Pants taught me the mysteries of life in general. When I was only about nine years old he urged me not to worry. "Worry makes your hair gray and stops the blood from circulating. As a matter

of fact, big doctors say that worry causes all the diseases in the world," he told me.

One day, as I walked with him in the Common, he stopped me short and looked at my feet. "I thought so," he said. "What, Harrele-mit-the Pants, is the trouble?" I asked with a worried look on my face.

He smiled and said, "In the first place, don't look worried and don't be worried."

"I won't, Harrele-mit-the-Pants," I said.

He examined my hair carefully, and I wondered why.

"Just lucky," he said. "I can't find a single gray hair yet."

That frightened me, because I worried much more than he knew. Then he said, "About your feet, walk with your toes in, like the way Indians and animals do, and you'll never get flat feet."

"Oh", I said.

"Very important," he said.

The rest of that day I walked with my toes so far in that at night my feet hurt. I didn't tell him about my pain, because I figured if I did he would scold me as a man without courage and unworthy of living in the same day with "Roosevelt, the greatest man in the world." He admired the first Roosevelt to adoration, as I gathered from his talks with my father, his brother, who was too busy trying to keep a family of seven fed and clothed and housed on $18 a week to be interested in politics or science. Harrele-mit-the-Pants made only $16 a week, but he had a roving and inquiring mind.

When I went to grammar school Harrele-mit-the-Pants asked me all sorts of questions and gave me all kinds of advice. He wanted to know the names of my teachers, their background, their looks, what they taught me, what I thought of them, and what use I planned to make of my studies.

The last question stumped me. I didn't know what use I planned to make of my studies or of my life in general. "That's bad," Harrele-mit-the-Pants said. "Very bad. You must plan, always plan ahead, five years ahead, ten years ahead, fifty years ahead." I was about thirteen years old, and I wondered how I could plan my life fifty years ahead. "Easy," Harrele-mit-the-Pants assured me. "Just sit down and write what you want to be fifty years from now and then work toward it. See?" I didn't see, but I was afraid to let on, because then Harrele-mit-the Pants would bring up Theodore Roosevelt and I would feel like a yellow coward.

As a matter of fact, I did make a try at planning my life fifty years ahead. At the end of fifty years—that is, when I was 63—I hoped to be Mayor of Boston, but I didn't know how to go on from there, what I should do in between to reach my goal. Naturally, I put down high-school, college, and then I stopped. There were so many years beyond I couldn't account for, plan for. When Harrele-mit-the-Pants asked me if I was planning my life I said yes and held my breath in fear he would ask to see my detailed plan. Fortunately, he never did, and soon I lost my plan.

As I got older and entered high-school, Harrele-mit-the-Pants let me in on the secret that "civilization is a no-good rotten thing." That startled me, because my father was beginning to make a little more money and we kids were now occasionally given ice-cream and strawberry soda (a big pitcher for 3 cents), and sometimes taken to the Olympic Theatre, where for ten cents a head we saw Mary Pickford, Fatty Arbuckle, and Pearl White do breathless things right in front of our eyes. I thought civilization was wonderful, in so far as I thought of it at all, and here Harrele-mit-the-Pants said it was "a no-good rotten thing." Without my asking, he made himself clearer. He said, "Inventions are all right. Ice cream is all right, America is all right, but are people happy? Am I happy? Are you happy?"

I hemmed and hawed.

"Tell me, are you happy?" he insisted.

"I don't know, Harrele-mit-the-Pants," I managed to say, and that night when I went to bed I thought it over and I inclined to agree with him. There were lots of things I wanted and didn't have, like a bicycle in the summer and a sled in the winter. I mentioned these wants to Harrele-mit-the-Pants. He beamed, "I thought you'd see it. Did you ever hear of Schopenhauer?"

I didn't.

"Of course. In school they don't teach you the right things. What you learn is nothing. Read Schopenhauer," and he then told me a few things about him. Schopenhauer didn't look good to me, but I promised Harrele-mit-the-Pants I would look him up in the branch library. I did and still didn't like Schopenhauer, but, as usual, I was afraid to tell Harrele-mit-the-Pants. I imagined Roosevelt, his god, read Schopenhauer, and I didn't want to have my uncle bring up Roosevelt. By this time I was very much afraid of Roosevelt. He was an otherworldly paragon that in the secrecy of my heart I knew I could never emulate. Of course, I lied to Harrele-mit-the-Pants that I read and liked Schopenhauer, and he was pleased. "It's more than I could ever make your father do," he said with a smile. I wondered what Harrele-mit-the-Pants would say if he knew the truth, but I kept my mouth shut, saving my reputation and at the same time keeping germs out.

The "no-good rotten civilization" of ours was frequently in Harrele-mit-the-Pants's mind. He often hinted to me that if he had his way he would have run off to the wilds of Canada or Mexico and lived there "like a man and like nature wants." He bemoaned the fact that the "no-good rotten civilization" had influenced even him. "Men should eat only vegetables, not meat. Meat is poison, just poison. I eat it, you eat it, your father eats it, we all eat it because of this terrible civilization. Cows have more sense. They eat grass and vegetables, and they get strong, they get meat on themselves. It stands to reason if we eat vegetables we get strong and meat on us. Doesn't it?"

I agreed readily, because it looked like invincible logic to me. In fact I was so pleased with this revelation that I kept on saying, "I never thought of that, Harrele-mit-the-Pants, I never thought of that."

"Of course, you didn't," he replied. "In school they don't teach you the truth, the real truth."

Again I agreed, and I even thought of raising the issue in school—I was still in high-school—but a congenital shyness prevented me. I had a guilty feeling, though, for not sharing my new knowledge with all of Boston.

In time Harrele-mit-the-Pants took up the matter of girls and women in general. His ideas on them were very clear and simple. In short, he didn't like women. "They are our enemies," he said to me one aftrnoon on the Esplanade. "You read what Schopenhauer said about them?"

"Yes," I lied.

"He only told a little. There's more and more he could have said. Woman is an enemy. You'll learn when you get older. They make a man happy for one minute and unhappy all the rest of his life. You know what love is?"

"No, Harrele-mit-the-Pants."

"Love is foolishness," he said. "Plain, no good rotten foolishness. Do animals have love? Did you ever hear of a cow or horse talk about love?"

"No, Harrele-mit-the-Pants," I said. The idea stunned me and at the same time made me feel I had learned one of the great pieces of wisdom of the ages.

"Of course, not. They know better. And they are happy, healthy, like nature wants. What they have to do, they do, and that's all. I never saw a horse or a cow unhappy. Did you?

I had to confess I didn't.

"That's the way it should be with people. Everybody would be happy then, men, women, everybody, not like now, when only women are happy. It's terrible, and all on account of this no-good rotten civilization."

He stopped for a moment. I was all ears. He continued, "You are coming to an age when what I tell you will do you more good than everything you learn in school, even in college, Harvard, anywhere. Ah, if I had only known it when I was your age! But I'm telling you. You'll be grateful to me sometime."

That night I watched my mother and sisters with extra care. I looked for the enemy in them, and I got confused with not seeing the enemy and with the ring of what Harrele-mit-the-Pants had told me. I'm confused to this day.

Of course, he didn't believe in any God. He believed only in nature, as I had heard him tell my father and mother many times. They seldom tried to make him change his mind. I remember only once when my father argued the subject with him. He said, "All right, nature. But who made nature? God, of course."

This looked like a powerful argument to me, but it didn't bother

Harrele-mit-the-Pants any. He looked at my father and said, "If you weren't so much interested in money"—my father was then earning about $20 a week—"you could answer that yourself. Who made nature? I'll tell you. It just is or was. Why don't you read Schopenhauer or any philosopher?"

My mother stopped the argument right there by bringing in some tea.

One day, near the end of my term in high-school, I came home and found nobody in. I waited a couple of hours, then my mother arrived. She had obviously been crying. She told me that Harrele-mit-the-Pants had been hit by a street car that morning and was in the hospital in a serious condition. In a few days he was brought to his home, but it was clear that, though he was fully conscious, he didn't have long to live. He had suffered severe internal injuries. He lingered on for another month before he died. I visited him often, and I imagined to myself he wanted to see me more than anybody else. Most of the time he didn't say much, and I only sat beside his bed. But once he turned to me and said, "I've been thinking. Maybe there is no death. If a wire in a box, lots of wires, like in a radio on ships, can make noises, why can't it be that a dead man in a box, a coffin, can also make noises, talk? That's science, too, don't you think?"

"Yes, Harrele-mit-the-Pants. Of course, sure."

He was quiet for a few moments. Then he said, "Science is a wonderful thing. Don't forget that."

I promised him I never would forget.

BOOKS

Exploration of Consciousness

"We can follow now, as we have not heretofore been able to, the course of James' hopes and intentions, as he recorded them in his notebooks," says F. O. Matthiessen (*Henry James, The Major Phase*, Oxford University Press, 1944), and while it is not entirely clear how much Mr. Matthiessen is indebted to the unpublished James' notebooks, it is with the "hopes and intentions as well as the accomplishment of them that he is concerned throughout the first five chapters of this six-chapter study. Undoubtedly the notebooks show Henry James, not as the frustrated aesthetic sensibility of the early criticism, but as a highly conscious artist working his way through the confusing phenomena of his age, applying, as Mr. Matthiessen states, his own special gift ("the product of his trained eye and of his intensely pictorial imagination") to the international milieu of the late nineteenth century. These chapters indicate with what painstaking care James, like a painter, labored to achieve the final integration of conscious imagination and reality which he recognized as the proof of artistic achievement.

Likewise, there is much to be grateful for in Mr. Matthiessen's final, crucial chapter, which he titles "The Religion of Consciousness. "He is here concerned with a problem of which writers of the present are finding themselves ever more cognizant: the problem of reconciling their new values of social and economic liberalism—even internationalism—with the conservative theological and moral values of the past. Mr. Matthiessen indicates that James, through his very awareness of individual characters of the period between the American Civil War and World War I, was expressing a social consciousness on an international scale that, if it did not succeed in providing a synthesis between morality and a changing political economy, at least was successful in supplying a measure of value for a future reconciliation. "His gradation of characters according to their degree of consciousness," Mr. Matthiessen writes, "may be validly translated into terms of social consciousness, and thus serve as a measure in a more dynamic world than James ever dreamed of."

Thus far I think we can go with Mr. Matthiessen, and, indeed, this is as far as he himself explicitly goes. His final statement of the problem, however, implies a choice which, it seems to me, does not necessarily follow: "To those who believe that if both Christianity and democracy are to endure, the next synthesis must be more rigorously based in both political economy and theology, in the theology that recognizes anew man's radical imperfection, and in the radical political economy that insists that, whether imperfect or not, nen must be equal in their social op-

portunities, many of James' values are, oddly enough, not at all remote." This comes very near to being an extremely brilliant statement of the problem, but to narrow the choice to one between Christianity and democracy, or even in more general terms to political economy versus theology, seems to me, as it seems to many, a begging of the question. Granting, perhaps, that this represents the Jamesian dilemma, we need not necessarily conclude that our own battles are to be fought on those grounds. Morality need no more be confined to Christianity than political liberalism need be equated with Marxism, though both may be taken into account in any final synthesis.

I feel, too, that Mr. Matthiessen has, in his early sections, overestimated the present influence of the Brooks-Parrington theses, which disposed of James as the frustrated artist, seeking his escape physically in expatriation, mentally in a concern with aesthetics, or as the artistic sensibility who "brewed genteel little tempests in exquisite teapots." The very amount of recent James criticism, beginning, perhaps, with the special number of *The Hound and Horn* in 1934 (spring) and continuing with the many studies which Mr. Matthiessen acknowledges in his introduction, indicates considerable extent of reevaluation which the criticism of James has undergone in recent years, as does the fact (in many ways regretable) that Mr. Matthiessen himself felt able to concentrate upon "The Major Phase" because of work already done upon the

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The October 1944 issue, the first under Allen Tate's editorship, increased the circulation of THE SEWANEE REVIEW more than 500.

The January 1945 issue will contain:

Morton Dauwen Zabel, **Conrad: Chance and Recognition,** an essay.
Peter Taylor, **Rain in the Heart,** a story.
Herbert Read, **A World Within A War,** a long poem.
Robert Heilman, **Mr. Bentley's Bad Boys: Reactionaries,** an essay.
Kenneth Burke, **Container and Thing Contained,** an essay.
Mark Van Doren, **Poets and Trimmers,** a note.
Irene Hendry, **The Regional Novel and the Eighteenth-Century Gentleman,** an essay.
Ray B. West Jr., **Hemingway: The Failure of Sensibility,** an essay.
THE STATE OF LETTERS: Gilbert E. Govan, W. T. Couch.
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early periods.

But these objections are peripheral, and the book, as a whole, is what any former reader of Mr. Matthiessen was certain it would be: an astute and perceptive study of the works (*The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Golden Bowl*, *The American Scene*, and the unfinished *The Ivory Tower*) of James' final, important period.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Bentley's Heroic Vitalism

Though this must of necessity be a brief review, permit me this rather lengthy quotation from Eric Russell Bentley's *A Century of Hero-Worship* (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1944) for it not only states what his book is about, but also reveals a central characteristic of his approach to his material.

"It has not been the purpose of this book to formulate a single system of philosophy which is approved by Carlyle, Nietzsche, Wagner, Spengler, Lawrence and George. What they have in common in general tendency must by now be as clear as the fact that they differ in very many ways. There is no creed of Heroic Vitalism. Heroic Vitalism is a faith, a dynamic Weltanschauung. In the details of application it adapts itself to the need of the moment. Its roots are in despair, therefore it despises all optimistic systems. But it respects the fact and the masters of fact, and thereby surpasses pessimism. Its roots are in evolutionism and therefore it is aloof from the static thought of the eighteenth century. But it is less a science

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of biology than a religion of metabiology, a religion of dionysian life and energy. Its roots are in the deep sense of individuality which has been growing since the Renaissance. But it assails the idea of human equality and issues a warning against the belief that the crew should control the captain. Its roots are in the classical sociology of the Greeks, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, a sociology which regards society as a vital organism and which compares a culture to harmonious music, a human body, a ship, or a cosmic system. But it announces an end to ideals, to the prescription of otherworldly ends, to the creation of double (Christian and Machiavellian) standards, and seeks to conclude the enmity in ethics of power and wisdom by locating wisdom precisely in the seizure and exercise of power itself."

In this "double-slanting" manner Mr. Bentley investigates the ideologies of these Janus-faced Heroic Vitalists. While reading the first half of his book, which is devoted to Carlyle and Nietzsche, I found myself fascinated by his brilliant observations and perceptions, but wondering exactly where the author stood, for he revealed both faces so convincingly that I was at a loss to know what I should finally make of it all. In three chapters—one on Bernard Shaw and two stating conclusions—not mentioned in the quotation above, Mr. Bentley reveals his own position. He rejects Heroic Vitalism; he rejects that democracy which does not "include aristocracy." The social philosophy of Bernard Shaw is his ideal. Shaw is a

hero-worshipper, but not an esthetic hero-worshipper like Nietzsche and the others. He is a vitalist, but not a Heroic Vitalist. In Shaw's philosophy the author sees a harmonious adjustment of the respective values in the "extremes reached by Tolstoy and Nietzsche who found the new world disgusting and saw only the alternative of outright paganism or outright Christianity—activity without values or values without activity." Shaw combines activity with values. He is common-sense and pragmatism. He is the realist-idealist.

Mr. Bentley's exoneration of the Shaw who cast bouquets at Mussolini and Hitler seems to rest upon the fact that what Mr. Shaw really admires is Stalinism, and evidently what Mr. Bentley also admires. Regardless of that, however, it seems to me that Mr. Bentley's view of Shaw is more ecstatic than sensible or convincing. Certainly far less convincing than Edmund Wilson's view in *Triple Thinkers* (of which, of course, Mr. Bentley is aware): "It used always to be said of Shaw that he was primarily not an artist, but a promulgator of certain ideas. The truth is, I think, that he is a considerable artist, but that his ideas—that is, his social philosophy proper—have always been confused and uncertain. As he has grown older and as the world has been shaken out of the pattern to which he had adapted his attitudes, the inadequacy of those attitudes has been exposed."

I do not wish to give the impression that Mr. Bentley's book, his first, is not worth reading, for the view through each lens of the binoc-

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ulars (to use Mr. Bentley's own metaphor) is very interesting, but do not try to look through both at once, for, contrary to what the author says in his preface, the views are not "focused and co-ordinated into one clear vision."

JARVIS THURSTON

———

Poetry of Melville

Admittedly screwball in many ways, D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classical American Literature* nevertheless still suggests the most potentially useful approach to our native writers. Psychiatry has of course come a long way since Lawrence's proto-Freudian spade-work twenty years ago. And critics less personally twisted than Lawrence have done notable work on Whitman, Poe, Hawthorne. Emerson, untouched by Lawrence, is surely ripe for some psychiatric analysis. And Melville, too, as these poems now remind us. (*Herman Melville, Selected Poems.* Edited by F. O. Matthiessen, New Directions):

For most readers, this selection of Matthiessen's, will be a first introduction to Melville's poetry. One finds that the poems add nothing substantially new, nothing not contained in the rich and often confusing revelations of the novels. But here, stripped of their fictional fronts, the same knots, obsessive concerns and quests shine out in their very essences. Few of these poems are completely achieved as poetry; but for the nuggets of poetry, still uncut in the jewel matrix, glinting like the spectrum, these selections make all but a very little of American poetry look like framed hemstitching and pious samplars.The ignorance or insensitiveness which has kept from historical anthologies such poems as *The Portent, Healed of My Hurt, Monody, Shelley's Vision, The Lake* seems unforgiveable if not something worse.

Coming to these poems, almost one hundred years old, yet new to us, one feels very clearly many of the distinguishing tonalities of the best American poetry. Gnomic lines here ally themselves variously to Emerson, Dickinson, John Wheelwright. In a narrative like *Clarel,* the ideological dramas of Robinson or Frost are foreshadowed. All in the American tradition that is toughest, least resolved, farthest from easy technical surfaces and propagandistic (in the widest sense) manipula-

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tions finds its kin in Melville's poetry, written during the last twenty years of his life when he had abandoned prose narrative but still struggled on to understand himself in his environment.

So it is that the themes are those which will increasingly guide criticism toward a deeper understanding of the American character patterns and conflicts. The isolation of the individual from any life-sustaining societal sense; the artist, society's mind and senses yet tortured as "sissy" and scapegoat; the increasing need to hold in one tension good and evil, death and life: these all come clear in such poems as *The Maldive Shark*, *The Berg*, or in that quatrain which Matthiessen's intelligent editing has salvaged for us from an otherwise mediocre poem:

> No utter surprise can come to him
> Who reaches Shakespeare's core;
> That which we seek and shun is there -
> Man's final lore.

These poems do not increase the stature of the creator of *Typee*, *Moby Dick*, *Billy Budd*. But they tell again of the sincerity of his "ordeal"; of the perilous depth at which he tried to understand his experiences. They point him out again as one of that small band, democracy's only priesthood, who, when we have better heard what they were trying to say, will tell us so much that we need to know about the illness and hopes of the "brave new world,"—fearful and shaken as it now is for us all.

SHERMAN CONRAD

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the beliefs and ideals of others could so besmirch our Lord as this author does. To me this is making a game of filth.

How could you have published such sentences? It makes me ashamed of this our United States.

Sincerely,
Juliet B. Ballard

Bradford, R.I.

Gentlemen:

As a lover of poetry please allow me to register with you my extreme disgust with a certain sonnet by Gil Orlovitz, appearing in your publication . . .

While I realize that the effusion expresses a deep personal humility in some of its lines, I cannot see how any two by four poet (who might be a real power) can dare to present the Almighty Deity (sic) with a snout and catarrh. In the name of the most condensed and clarified medium with the spiritual, I beg of you to discontinue the publication of such blasphemous material. If it was good I would not like it.

Edith D. Erskine

Weaverville, N.C.

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading a "sonnet" by Gil Orlovitz which appeared in the Summer issue of your magazine.

It is beyond my comprehension how work on such an execrable (not to say blasphemous) level of taste should be paraded as poetry! It can only be regarded as an insult of all poets and all lovers of poetry.

Most sincerely,
Mary Ellen Jackson
President, Pennsylvania Poetry Society, Martinsburg, Pa.

Gentlemen:

May I take this opportunity to protest the publication of such nauseating insults to good taste and human intelligence as that found in the "Sonnet" by Gil Orlovitz . . . It sounded to me like a cross between the ravings of a congenital idiot and an adolescent trying to be smart. . .

Emphatically,
Alice Gill Benton

Albuquerque, N.M.

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Gentlemen:

. . . I like strong language, ugliness even, when they are sustained by real meaning or by passion. But this "sonnet" appears to be nothing except an ingenious example of bad taste. . .

Sincerely,
Celeste Wright

Davis, California

The author of the poem is a member of the armed forces, and we quote from a recent letter from him to the poetry editor, not by way of reply to the above letters, but simply as additional interesting "comment":

"In the few hours I'm able to write in the evening I find it tough in the extreme to create the exactitude of which I think I'm capable—that's the problem: the compression of time. You see, I'm in a way forbidden to revise, to condense, to perfect—since poetry to me is of me, is an additional sense and is as common and regular and natural (and as full of nature's defects) to me as my breathing, my sight, my kinesis. Is it possible to develop one's lungs if the chest is constricted? — Comparably, time constricts my verse, and I cannot return to a stanza written yesterday for I am already concerned with tomorrow's oxygen — something new to breathe, something new to flex and capture, for there are so damn many things to put down, and my death in these circumstances of war is much of a sweating-close potential — that I've got to record without perfection-regards, I've got to word the stuff lest it be scotched altogether and not even skeletoned. Should I live and move about once again freely in time, I'll be able to attain greater concentration and consequent art."

CONTRIBUTORS

Henry Miller, enfant terrible of American letters, is the author of "The Tropic of Cancer," and other banned books, and is represented on the New Directions current list with "Sunday After the War." He lives at Big Sur, Calif.

Gilbert Neiman, a frequent contributor, teaches English at the University of Colorado. He has completed a long novel of Mexico, where he lived off and on from 1936 to 1940, entitled "There's a Tyrant in Every Country." Mr. Neiman's essay will be included

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Snell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the co-editor of the Rocky Mountain Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: Rocky Mountain Press, Salt Lake City, Utah; Editor: George Snell, Boise, Idaho; Managing Editor: Ray B. West Jr., Iowa City, Iowa; Business Managers: Althea Snell, Boise, Idaho and Gwen Hansen, Salt Lake City, Utah.

2. That the owners are: Ray B. West Jr., 214 No. Capitol, Iowa City, Iowa; George Snell, 2124 Ellis Ave., Boise, Idaho.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

George Snell, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL) E. F. Diven, My commission expires Feb. 15, 1946.

in a volume of Henry Miller to be published soon by Bern Porter of Berkeley, California.

Dell R. Skeels, a Navy Ensign, was born in Moscow, Idaho in 1915, and the poem in this issue is his first published writing.

Dean Jeffress is in the merchant marine, 31, married, with an A.B. from the University of California. He is a brother-in-law of George P. Elliott, the Berkeley poet.

Lee ver Duft, a native of Prairie City, Iowa is now in the Navy. His poems have appeared in View, Experiment, Hemispheres, Circle, and other little magazines.

Katharine Shattuck, from Colorado, has been studying at the Iowa State University. Her stories have been published in Accent, American Prefaces, etc.

L. J. Davidson is head of the English Department at the University of Denver. With Prudence Bostwick he compiled the anthology "Literature of the Rocky Mountain West."

Nicholas Moore was born in 1918, son of G. E. Moore, the philosopher. Lives in London, is married, has one daughter, and was founder of the English avante-garde magazine Seven.

Byron Vazakas, of Reading, Pa., has appeared before in these pages.

Sherman Conrad teaches English at the Iowa State University, as do **Monaa Van Duyn** and **Jarvis Thurston. George Snell** lives in Boise, Idaho, and **Ray B. West Jr.** is working for his Ph. D. at Iowa State University.

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